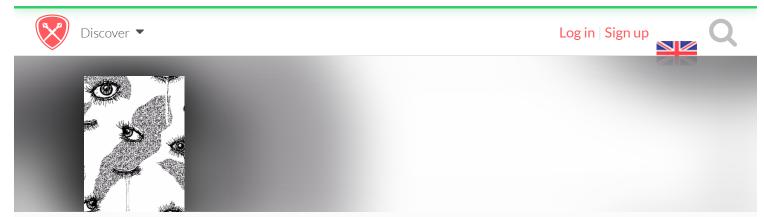
04/08/2020 Blindness



Blindness









Chapter 1 by Ayla Cerise

There is almost no way to describe the pain and suffering I deal with on a day-to-day basis. No one understands, because no one else has the burden I carry.

In short, I can see everything.

My eyes work in a very.. unique way. They appear to be normal, I appear to be normal. But they can see better than even the most complex microscope. When I wake up in the morning, I can see every dust particle, insect leg and cloth fiber floating through the air. I can see every molecule in and on the blanket, and the carpet, and the stubble on my legs.

And the worst part is, that's all I can see. I can't look at the ground as a whole, so I have to walk with the most careful steps. I can't look at food as a whole, so I have to take each bite slowly. I function like I'm blind, but that's the complete opposite of what I am.

And no one knows. High schoolers just assume I have some kind of mental disorder that makes my eyes twitch every ten seconds, which is why I'm bullied constantly.

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04/08/2020 Blindness instead the reply I heard was "Whoops, sorry!", as if it was their fault. I paused for a brief second, but decided I was imagining things and stumbled my way to class. Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft) 1 You need to login before writing - click here Continue the story ☐ Flag as mature receive feedback Write a comment...

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